

shoes he had treated in the same manner.

Leaving his room in the hotel, after thoroughly coating himself with the liquid, he sauntered down the stairs and out into the street. As he left the doorway an elderly gentleman bumped into him.

"I beg your pardon," murmured Thornton, and was about to pass on. The man he had run into started directly at Thornton, and a most peculiar look came over his face.

"Ton my soul!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to quit! I could have sworn—well—I must have hit the door-post!"

Thornton was amused. He could not call a cab and he decided that boarding a trolley car would be dangerous. He might throw the passengers into a panic. So he walked to the Capitol and sauntered leisurely through the grounds. It had been quite difficult to avoid the throngs in the street and he had to hurry over at the crossings, for several times chauffeurs who could not see him narrowly escaped running him down.

At last he arrived before the executive offices. He walked quickly up the steps and entered the building. He passed by the guards unobserved, walking so close to one of them that he could have reached out to touch the man. Pushing on, he arrived in the president's ante room and looked around. Several persons were being turned away with the statement that the President was too busy to see them. As the door of the sanctum opened, however, Thornton saw the Chief Executive sitting at his desk, dictating to a stenographer. A moment later the young man came out, and, at the President's direction, the door was left open, the ante room apparently being empty save for the attendants.

It was Thornton's chance. He walked quickly across the room and entered. The President looked up as Thornton tripped over a rug, but not seeing anyone, went on with his work.

Thornton coughed audibly. The President looked up, startled, and reached for the bell at his elbow.

"Please don't be alarmed, Mr. President," said Thornton quietly. "There is no danger. I am not a lunatic; I am an inventor."

"What do you mean?" asked the President. "Where are you, and how did you get in here?"

"I walked in through the door," said Thornton. "Your guards did not see me."

The President was amazed. "I don't see you myself!" he said.

Thornton removed the gauze from his eyes and mouth, and smiled. "Now do you see me?" he asked.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the President, rising in his chair, and staring wildly at the apparition before him.

"Please sit down and listen to me," said Thornton. "I am no ghost. I came here to demonstrate to you the value of an invention that will revolutionise warfare."

The President hesitated. Then he leaned back in his swivel chair and waved invitingly toward a seat. "Will you—can you sit down?" he asked.

"Thank you," said Thornton. "I am sitting down now."

"Ah, yes," said the President. "I see your eyes are on a lower level. Please explain this mystery to me."

For the next ten minutes he outlined his invention in detail. The President listened with wonder, looking as though fascinated, at the eyes that looked at him out of nothing, and at the mouth that opened and closed in midair as Thornton continued his recital.

"And now," said Thornton, in conclusion. "I must beg your pardon for this manner of approaching you, but I saw that it would be hopeless to expect to reach you in any other way. As it is I trust that you are convinced of the truth of my claims."

"Certainly," said the President. "If you can demonstrate the wonderful powers of your paint in practical tests with men-o'-war and with aeroplanes, I can safely say, I think, that the Government will buy your rights and pay you handsomely. You shall be given every opportunity at once to make the trials."

"Thank you, sir," said Thornton. "I will appear before you in my proper person to-morrow, when I have washed off this stuff. We can arrange the details then."

"Very good," said the President. "Good day. Can you—ah, shake hands?"

"Yes, indeed," said Thornton with a laugh. "Just extend yours and I will take it."

He gripped the President's outstretched palm, and the big man started as his

own fingers closed over Thornton's invisible hand. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he said. "I suppose you can get out as you came, without attracting attention?"

"Of course," said Thornton. "It is better that I should do it that way. I will just leap out this window and walk across the grass plot, if you don't mind. I am at the window now."

The President gazed in the direction of the open window, but saw nothing. "I am outside now," said Thornton a moment later. "Good morning."

As he hurried away, unseen by the throngs outside the building, the President crossed to the window and stood looking out across the lawn. He could see a faint shadow on the grass and that was all.

A week later, when arrangements had been made for the tests Thornton was to make before a committee of army and navy officials, the inventor suddenly remembered Eleanore Martindale. It had been ages since he had seen her, and now that success was within his grasp, he felt the old longing for her society.

He telephoned to her and arranged to take a stroll that afternoon. Thornton was in high spirits, and as they walked slowly through the park he told her of a wonderful invention he had made which would shortly make him rich. He explained that he had been to see the President and that he was soon to make a demonstration to the Government officials. But no amount of coaxing would persuade him to tell her just what the invention really was. He pleaded that he had seen sworn of secrecy by the President, but in reality he feared Eleanore's scepticism or even ridicule, and believed it better to keep his secret until his demonstration should prove it to be practical. Of course the President already knew it was practical. Marvin had seen its results, too, but the thought of his consternation on that occasion prevented Thornton having any desire to make a preliminary demonstration for Eleanore's benefit.

Several times during the past week he had applied the invisible fluid to himself, and had amused himself by walking out through the city unseen. He had gone into the big hotels, walked through the great department stores, and once even ventured into his club. In the latter place he had heard several conversations that were hardly flattering to himself. One old friend had even hinted that Thornton seemed to be "going daffy." Consequently Thornton decided to cease his invisible excursions. When his invention should be bought by the Government he would show them whether or not he was sane!

Now, however, he gave himself over to the pleasure of his walk with Eleanore. The old intimacy between the two was returning. Thornton realized as he never had before, that Eleanore was the one woman he wished to have share his good fortune with him. He resolved to speak to her at the first opportunity, but not until he had closed his deal with the Government.

It was dusk before they started homeward, and when they paused before Eleanore's house, it was quite dark.

"Won't you come in?" she asked as he hesitated at the bottom of the steps. "Thank you no, it is rather late," said Thornton. "I must get home and dress, for I have a dinner engagement."

Eleanore gave him a puzzled look. Her expression changed to one of amazement and then to fright. "Oh!" she screamed, and, horrified, ran up the steps and into the house.

Thornton stood looking after her, unable to understand what had happened. Then he looked down at his hands. They were gone! In the darkness he was conscious of a bright glow about his face, a sort of light that stood out in the blackness of the early evening—a haze like that of a lamplight along a dark street.

An exclamation of astonishment and concern escaped Thornton. He had carefully washed off all the paint after his last excursion, but the stuff was apparently soaking into his system. It was beginning to affect him even though he did not apply a fresh coat!

His first impulse was to run after Eleanore and explain it all to her. Then he thought of her consternation, of the effect his appearance in such a condition would have upon the others in the house. Anxiously he looked about him. There was no one in sight. He breathed a sigh of relief, for he shuddered at the consequences of his being seen by chance passers-by. His only salvation was to get home quickly and without being ob-

served. And he knew that he must walk or run.

The distance was not great, so he pulled the brim of his felt hat down over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and started off at brisk pace. He sought out back streets and alleyways always avoiding crowded thoroughfares. Once or twice he found someone staring curiously at him, but hurried on without speaking.

At last he arrived at his own house and sneaked in through the back way. He let himself in with the key and stole softly up the stairs, praying that the housekeeper might not see him. In his own room he crossed hastily to the mirror without turning on the electric light. There he saw reflected what had startled Eleanore.

His face and hands shone as brightly as the light of day—curious white blotches against the blackness of the background. It looked exactly as though his clothing and his hat were standing there without anyone inside them! In place of his hands and face, there was only the white light. It was too weird for words.

He hastily undressed and went into the bathroom. Anxiously he rubbed himself thoroughly with alcohol. He scrubbed until his flesh hurt. Gradually the stuff was coming off, but he took no chances, and continued his cleansing vigorously. After half an hour he felt safe, and quietly dressed for dinner, wondering all the time what he should do.

One thing seemed certain. If the stuff was likely to affect him in this way, to make him invisible by day or to light him up at night, he must cease using it upon himself. It was too dangerous. Some day it might come over him permanently and he would not be able to come back to his natural appearance!

While he pondered over the matter the telephone rang, and the housekeeper summoned him to answer it. It was Eleanore. Her voice seemed nervous and her manner upset, but she was in a penitent mood.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked. "I don't know what made me act so. I cannot imagine what came over me, but you could never guess how you looked—what I thought I saw!"

Thornton knew only too well what she had seen. "Don't try to explain," he said kindly. "You are not well perhaps. Maybe your eyes need attention."

"I'm sure they do," she said. "Why it seemed as though you had vanished completely—that only your clothes and hat were there facing me. Your cane was poised in mid air without support, and only your cigarette showed where your face should have been!"

"Impossible!" said Thornton.

"Of course it's impossible," Eleanore agreed. "But I thought I saw, or rather did not see you—like that. And all about the place where you were missing, there was a funny white light! It was terrible!"

"I'm sorry," said Thornton. "But if you'll promise to marry me I'll try to see that it never happens again."

"You silly!" she exclaimed. "You couldn't help what I thought I saw. It is something wrong with me—not with you. Come up this evening a little while and I'll answer your question."

Thornton thought a minute. He hardly felt like venturing into her presence again so soon. He wanted to be sure the stuff had worn off for good. "I can't come up to-night," he said. "But I'll be there early to-morrow you may be sure."

When he hung up the telephone, he sat staring into space a few moments. Then he rose and went slowly upstairs to the laboratory.

"Perhaps I'm a fool," he murmured to himself. "The President will surely think I'm crazy now, but this thing is getting on my own nerves. It isn't worth the chances I'm taking!"

And he deliberately threw every drop of the invisible fluid into the sink.

#### A NAME EXPLAINED.

The man who was trying to become an expert canoeist was discoursing on his canoe.

"What do you think I've named it?" he asked.

"They knew not."

"The Nonconformist (Conscience)."

"Why?"

"Because it's almost always upset."

## The Influence of Mr Lloyd George in Wales.

The influence which Mr Lloyd George wields in Wales is not, perhaps, fully understood. It is true that he attracts the admiration and enthusiasm which are due to the national leader. So, however, did Gladstone in England and Parnell in Ireland. Between the popular attitude towards these twin and that towards Mr Lloyd George there is this difference, that Gladstone and Parnell, loved though they were by the common people, were regarded not only with affection, but with a certain element of awe. They were felt to stand upon another plane than that of their followers. There is very little of this feeling amongst the men who follow Lloyd George. There are thousands of Welshmen who would willingly die for him. I have heard the voice of a young man, when speaking of him, shake with emotion. But while Lloyd George is the people's hero, they still feel him to be completely one of themselves. No one fears him among his own; no one dreads repulse. A Carnarvonshire farm labourer would approach him with far less diffidence than would a Cambridge bred Government clerk in London. Everybody knows his history. In his own village of Llanystumdwy they still think of him as an old schoolfellow. And it is very hard for any of us to be overawed by an old schoolfellow, unless there was already, in the school days, an exercise of ascendancy. We receive an idea of character with curious completeness when we are young, and unless something happens to re-shape the idea in after life, it will endure. Mr Lloyd George, however, has not been content to be merely passive in the preservation of the early idea of his character; he has deliberately fostered it. He makes no reserves among the villagers. One day some distinguished Englishmen arrived in the village in the hope of seeing its famous inhabitant. But Lloyd George was engaged with some of his humble Welsh friends. So he begged to be excused from the English arrivals. For, said he, I can see them again; whereas my old friends I can only see when I am here.—From "Home Life in Wales," in "T.P.'s Magazine" for July.

## THE VALUE OF VALAZE.

Dainty skin and beautiful complexion do not always come united. More frequently the reverse. You must aid Nature.

The pores must be kept open to free the skin from that foreign matter which is absolutely fatal to a good complexion.

Soap and water will cleanse the surface. Valaze will cleanse the pores. Healthy blood circulation follows through every part. The skin, instead of being pallid and dry, becomes soft and velvety as a rose petal. It will then possess a delicate peachlike bloom of exquisite loveliness.

This is natural, not artificial, beauty. Valaze will give you this beauty. Valaze is now used in every civilised country throughout the world.

For removing freckles, wrinkles, crows-feet, sallowness, sunburn, and tan, Valaze has no equal. Valaze is guaranteed not to encourage the growth of hair. In jars, 4/ and 7/.

Novena Cerate, a perfect treatment for sensitive and dry skins. Especially beneficial for use in winter, instead of washing with soap and water. Novena Cerate cleanses, soothes, softens, and preserves the skin. 2/ and 3/6.

Novena Pasta, delightful for evening use. Thinly applied to the shoulders, neck, and arms, it imparts a beautiful whiteness, which remains on the skin for hours. 2/ and 3/6.

Valaze Lip Lustre protects the lips from the wind and cold. Prevents and cures cracks, chaps, and sores. Imparts a natural colour, which cannot be displaced by biting or wetting. 2/; special 3/.

All Valaze preparations from leading chemists, or direct, post free, from Valaze Depot, City Chambers, Queen-street, Auckland, or Mlle. Helona Hubinstein, Mission Valaze, Brandon-street, Wellington.

"How much milk does your cow give?"

"Eight quarts a day."

"How much of it do you sell?"

"Ten quarts, miss."